

DOCTOR • WHO

SIGNS OF LIFE

PART ONE

SHE LOVES
YOU, YEAH,
YEAH, YEAH...

I can't *believe*
it! *The Beatles*,
live in Liverpool!

This is
fantastic,
Doctor!

'Course, I was
always more of
a *Stones* fan
myself...

The
Rolling
Stones?

Nah - the *Living
Stones* of
Thurakzima 7.

Silicon-based
life forms. They
put the *rock* into
rock 'n' roll!

Makes you
think, though, this
time-travelling
lark...

I mean, take
the Beatles.
Here we are in the
1960s, watching
those four lads
just starting out.

No *idea* what
the *future*
holds...

Which is just as
it should be.

Imagine how *boring* life would
be if you knew what was going
to happen all the time.

I *hate*
spoilers,
don't you?

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Inside the TARDIS...

If I'm *quick*,
the TARDIS
can *track* the
disruptions in
space-time...

...trace the
beam itself...

...and *locate*
Martha. Aha!
There she *is*!

Hold on,
Martha -
I'm on my
way!

Nearly there...
nearly there...

It's not easy
intercepting a
teleport beam...

...but it's
worth it!

EEP!



Welcome back!
Are you *all* right?

I am *now*!
What happened?



Long-range teleport.
You were *zapped* from
Liverpool like a... like a...
well, like someone being
teleported, actually.
Long range.

But - *why*?
Who'd want to
do something
like *that*?



It's *bad news*, I'm
afraid. According to
the instruments, the
beam originated on the
planet *Gelezen*.

And as *bad
news* goes, that's
badder than most.



So what's
on the planet
Gelezen, then?

That's just it - no
one really *knows*.
No one who's been
there has ever
come back.



The *Gelezen* adopted a
severe *isolationist policy*
thousands of years ago. The
planet is surrounded by an
impenetrable time field.

What we know
about them is
based on very few
facts - the rest is
just *rumour*.

Such as?

A close-up, high-contrast illustration of a young man's face. He has dark, short hair and a very serious, almost stern expression. His eyes are dark and focused, with prominent white highlights. His nose is straight, and his lips are pressed together in a thin, straight line. The background is a solid, bright yellow, which makes the character's face stand out. The style is reminiscent of a comic book or a stylized digital illustration.

To put it *bluntly*, they forcibly *extracted* the deoxyribonucleic acids from *human beings* and *transfused* them into their own clones.

So they're **DNA** vampires. But why me?

I dunno. Maybe they've **run out** of human DNA and they need some **more**. You probably fit the **genetic type** they're looking for.

There must have been some sort of **scanning ray** in the teleport field. Long range beam picks you up on Earth in 1963 and - **zap!** They've got you.

I dunno. Maybe they've *run out* of human DNA and they need some *more*. You probably fit the *genetic type* they're looking for.

There must have been some sort of *scanning ray* in the teleport field. Long range beam picks you up on Earth in 1963 and - *zap!* They've got you.

Or rather, they *would* have got you - if I hadn't very *cleverly* intercepted that teleport beam. You're just lucky I'm a *total genius*.

What's that *flashing* for?

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ZERP!
ZERP!
ZERP!

What's that *flashing* for?

Yikes! The TARDIS shields are being overridden!

The transmission is being overridden!

The Gelezen are trying to **break through** - they must **really** want you!

Oh no - *Doctor!*
It's happening
again! Help!

Martha!
NO!

Oh no - *Doctor!*
It's happening
again! Help!

Martha!
NO!

EEEEEEEOOOOOOWWWWW!

CAN THE DOCTOR
SAVE MARTHA? FIND
OUT NEXT ISSUE!